

A memorable Song, on the unhappy Hunting in *Chery-Chase*, betweene Earle *Piercy* of *England*, and
Earle *Dowglas* of *Scotland*.
To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*

God prosper long our Noble King,
Our lives and safeties all,
A wofull Hunting once there did
in Chery Chase befall:
To drive the Wère with hound and horne
Earle *Piercy* took his way,
The Child may rue that is unborne,
the Hunting of that day.

The stout Earle of Northumberland,
a toiv to God he made,
His pleasure in the Scottish Woods,
three Summers days to take,
The chiefest Parts in Chery Cha-
se to fill and beare away:
These tidings to Earle *Dowglas* came,
in Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earle *Piercy* present word,
he would prevent his sport,
The English Earle not fearing this,
did to the Woods resort,
With fiftene hundred Bolo-men bold
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of warre,
to smite there shafts aright.

The silent Grayhounds swiftly ran,
to chase the Fallow Wère,
On Sunday they began to hunt,
when day-light did appeare,
And long before high noone they had
an hundred fat Bucks slain,
Then having din'd the Drovers went,
to rovine them up againe.

The Bolo-men mustred on the hills,
well able to endure,
Their back-sides all with speciall care
that day was guarded sure,
The hounds ran swiftly through the Woods
The nimble Wère to take,
What with their cryes the Hills and Dales
an Echo still did make.

Earle *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Wère,
Quoth he, Earle *Dowglas* promised,
this day to meet me here,
But if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay:
With that a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earle did say,

Loe, yonder doth Earle *Dowglas* come,
his men in Armour bright,
Full fiftene hundred Scottish speares,
all marching in our sight,
All pleasant men of Tevidale,
led by the Ribet Twaile.

Then cease your sport Earle *Piercy* said,
and take your Bowes with speed.

And now with me my Countrey-men
your courage forth advance,
For never was there Champion yet,
in Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse-back come,
and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to breake a speare,

Earle *Dowglas* on a milke white Steed,
most like a Baron bold,
Rose foremost of the companie,
whose Armour shone like Gold:
Shew me said he whose men you be,
that hunt so boldly here,
What without my consent doe chase,
and kill my Fallow Wère,

The man that first did answer make,
was Noble *Piercy* he,
Who said we list not to declare,
nor tell whose men we be,
yet we will spend our dearest blood,
in chaseth Wère to day:
Then *Dowglas* swore a solemne Oath,
and thus he did say;

One thou I will not braved be,
one of us two shall die,
I know the well an Earle thou art,
Lord *Piercy* so am I:
But trust me, *Piercy*, pittie there,
and great offence to him:
Any of these our harmelesse men,
for they have done no ill:

Let thou and I the Battell try,
and let our men abide;
Accord be he Lord *Piercy* said,
by whome this deny'd.

Then kept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, he would not have it told,
to Henry our King for shame.

Then my Captaine fought one fat,
and I had looking on;
You two be Carles, quoth Witherington,
and I a Squire alone,
He was the best that was I may,
while I have power to stand,
While I have power to wield my sword,
He fight with heart and hand,

Our English Archers bent there Bowes
their hearts were good and true,

At the first sight of Arrows sent,
full fourscore Scots they slain,
To drive the Wère with hound and horne
Dowglas had on the bent,
A Captaine mov'd with mickle pride
the speares to silvers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
no slackness there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman,
lay gasping on the ground:
O Christ it were a grieke task,
and likewise for to heare,
The cryes of men lying in there gore,
and scattered here and there.

At last the two stout Carles did meet,
like Captaines of great might,
Like Lyons mov'd they lay on loan
and made a cruel sight:
They fought until they both did sweat,
with swordes of tempered stele,
Until the blood like drops of raine,
they trickling downe did seale.

Yield the Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* said,
in faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high and honour be:
By I am our Scottish King:
The ransome told I freely give,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
as ever I did see.

So *Dowglas*, quoth Earle *Piercy* then,
thy proffers I doe scorne,
I will not yield to any Scot,
that ever yet was borne.
With that there came an arrow hene,
out of an English Bow,
And struck Earle *Dowglas* to the heart,
a depe and deadly blow:

Who never spake more wordes than these
fight on my merry men all,
For why my life is at an end,
Earle *Piercy* sees me fall:
Then leaving life, Earle *Piercy* took,
the dead man by the hand,
And said, Earle *Dowglas* for the life,
would I had lost my hand.

O Christ, my very heart doth weat,
with sorrow for the same,
For sure I knowe I have
mischance,
A knight
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O Christ, my very heart doth weep,
with sorrow for my fate,
For I have lost my life,
which I have loved so late,
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upon the

The Second part, to the same tune.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd
who with a Speare full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
ran fiercely through the fight:
And past the English Archers all,
without all dread or feare,
And through Earle Piercies bovy then,
he thrust his hateful Speare.

With such a vehement force and might,
his bovy he did gore,
The shaft ran through the other side
a large Cloth-yard or more:
Thus did both these stout Nobles dye,
whose courage none could staine:
An English Archer then perceiv'd
the Noble Earle was slaine.

He had a good Bow in his hand,
made of a trusty Tree:
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long,
unto the head drew he,
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,
so right his shaft he set.
The Gray-goose wing that was thereon
in his heart blood was wet.

The fight did last from break of day,
till setting of the sun.
For when they wrong the evening Bell
the Battle scarce was done:
With stout Earle Piercy there was slaine
Sir John de Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe and Sir Iohn,
Sir James that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rebby there was slaine
whose prowess did surmount:
For Witherington needs must I waille,
as one in dolefull dumps,
For when his Leggs were smitten off
he fought upon his humps.

And with Earle Douglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Morrell that from the field,
one foot would never fly.
Sir Charles Morrell of Ratcliffe too;
his Officers none was he,
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
but slaine he could not be.

And the Lord Mackewel in like case,
did with Earle Douglas die,
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
scarce fifty did he see.

Of fiftene hundred English-men,
went home but fifty there,
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
under the Greene-wood Tree.

Next day did many Widowes come,
there husbands to bewaile,
They wash't their wounds in brinish teares
but all would not paevaile,
There bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they boze with them along,
They kiss't them dead a thousand times,
when they were clad in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenburg,
where Scotlands King yd reigne,
That brave Earle Douglas suddenly,
was with an Arrow slaine:
A heavy newes King James did say,
Scotland can tellen be,
I have not any Captaine more,
of such account as he.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
within a short space,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
was slaine in Chevy-Chase,
How God be with him said our King,
With twill no better he,
I trust I have within my Realme,
fifty hundred men as he.

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
but I will vengeance take,
And be reveng'd on them all,
For brave Earle Piercies sake,
This now the King did well performe,
after at Hamble Downe
In one day fifty Knights were slaine
with Losses of high renowne.

And of the rest of small account,
did many hundred die,
Thus ended the hunting in Chevy Chase
made by the Lord Piercy,
God save the King and bless the Land,
with plenty of Joy and peace,
And grant henceforth that soles debate,
'twixt Noble-men may cease.

FINIS.

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